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CATALOGUE

OF

THE PICTURES

IN THE

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY,

PALL-MALL.

LONDON:

SOLD AT THE PLACE OF EXHIBITION.

MDCCLXXXIX.

CATALOGUE

OF

THE PURSES



IN THE

SCOTTISH GALLERY

PALESTINE

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

MCCCLXXIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Painter's Name, with the Act and Scene of each Play, being marked upon the Frames of the Pictures, a Catalogue seems superfluous—But as it has been suggested, that it would be agreeable to some Subscribers, to have so much of each Scene printed, as would tend to elucidate the subject of the Picture, with the point of Time chosen by the Painter marked in *Italicks*—This has been accordingly done, for those who think it necessary, at the smallest possible Expence.

Several of the Shakspeare Pictures, that were expected this Season, not being yet come to Hand, the following Pictures, unconnected with the present Work, have been placed in that Part of the Gallery now open, for the sake of uniformity of appearance.

- I. Portrait of G. A. ELLIOT, LORD HEATHFIELD.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.
- II. Defence of Gibraltar against Spain and France,
on the 13th Sept. 1782. Painted by Mr. Paton.
- III. Ditto on the Night between the 13th and 14th
Sept. By Mr. Paton.
- IV. Ditto on the Morning of the 14th Sept. By
Mr. Paton.
- V. The Relief of Gibraltar, 11th of October, by
the British Fleet. By Mr. Paton.
- VI. Death of DAVID RIZZIO. By Mr. Opie.
- VII. ELIJAH raising the Widow's Son. By Mr.
Northcote.

The above seven Pictures are all engraved except the two last, which are in great forwardness.

N. B. As the Number of SUBSCRIBERS to the SHAKSPEARE must be limited, it is recommended to those, who have any design of becoming Subscribers, to be as early as possible in their application.

Just Published,

Price to Subscribers, Two Guineas,

Number XIV. of

THE PRINTS from the **HOUGHTON COLLECTION**
of **PICTURES** now in the Possession of the
EMPRESS of RUSSIA.

This Number, which completes the Work, contains,
besides the Letter-Press, Descriptions, Frontispieces,
Title-Pages—and Vignettes, designed by Cipriani, and
Engraved by Bartolozzi—**TWELVE PRINTS**, after
PARMIGIANO, FIL. LAURI, SALVATOR ROSA, C.
MARATTI, L. GIORDANO, N. ROUSSIN, VANDYKE,
and **Sir P. LELY.**

37 Fine Impressions of the whole Collection may
now be had, in two large Volumes, Price in Sheets,
Thirty Guineas, at The **Shakspeare Gallery, Pall-Mall**,
and at **John and Josiah Boydell's, No. 90, Cheap-side.**

Speedily will be Completed,

A COLLECTION of **FIFTY PRINTS**, after the Sketches
and Drawings of the late celebrated **GIOVANNI BAT-**
TISTA CIPRIANI, Esq. R. A. Engraved by **Mr.**
Richard EARLOM, in imitation of the different Manners
of the Artist. Price **4l. 4s.**

N. B. The Greatest part of them are already executed,
and may be seen as above.



P R E F A C E.

I Cannot permit this Catalogue to appear before the Public, without returning my sincere Thanks, to the numerous Subscribers to this undertaking, who with a liberality and a confidence, unparaleled on any former occasion, have laid me under the most flattering obligations. I hope upon inspection of what has been done, and is now doing, the Subscribers will be satisfied with the exertions that have been made; and will think that their confidence has not been misplaced; especially when they consider the difficulty that a great undertaking like the present has to encounter, in a country where Historical Painting is still but in its Infancy—To advance that Art towards maturity, and establish an *English School of Historical Painting*, was the great object of the present design.

In the course of many years endeavours, I flatter myself I have somewhat contributed to the establishment of an *English School of Engraving*. These exertions have not been unnoticed at home—But in foreign countries they have been estimated, perhaps above their value—When I began the business of publishing and selling Prints, all the fine Engravings sold in England were imported from foreign countries, particularly from France—Happily, the reverse is now the case; for few are imported, and many are exported, to a great annual amount. I mention this circumstance, because there are of those, who, not putting much value on the advancement of national Taste, still feel the advantage of promoting the Arts, in a commercial point of view.

I flatter myself that the present undertaking in that, and many other points of view, will essentially serve this country. The more objects of attraction and amusement held out to Foreigners that may induce them to visit this metropolis, the more are our Manufactures promoted, for every

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one on his return, carries with him some specimen of them; and I believe it will be readily granted, that the Manufactures of this country need only be seen and compared, to be preferred to those of any other—To the great number of Foreigners who have of late visited this country, may in some degree be attributed the very flourishing state of our Commerce; and that great demand for English Manufactures which at present so universally prevails all over the Continent.—At least I can with certainty say, I feel the effect of this circumstance in my own branch of business,

That the love of the fine Arts is more prevalent abroad, than in this country, cannot be denied; but I still hope to see them attain (advanced in years as I am) such a state of perfection in England, that no man in Europe will be entitled to the name of a Connoisseur, who has not personally witnessed their rapid progress—And that their progress has been wonderfully rapid in this country, within these twenty years,

the whole world will readily allow.—This progress we principally owe to his present Majesty, who, sensible of their importance in every point of view, has cultivated the fine Arts, with a success, that the annals of no other country, in the same space of time, can produce. The enterprise and liberality of several individuals also have not been wanting to contribute to so great an end.—For my own part, I can with truth say, that the Arts have always had my best endeavours for their success; and my countrymen will I hope give me credit, when I assure them, that where I fail'd, I fail'd more from want of Power, than from want of Zeal.

In this progress of the fine Arts, though Foreigners have allowed our lately acquired superiority of Engraving, and readily admitted the great Talents of the principal Painters, yet they have said with some severity, and I am sorry to say with some truth, that the abilities of our best Artists are chiefly employed in painting Portraits of those, who, in less than half a century, will

will be lost in oblivion—While the noblest part of the Art—HISTORICAL PAINTING is much neglected—To obviate this national Reflection was, as I have already hinted, the principal cause of the present undertaking. An undertaking, that originated in a private company; where Painting was the subject of Conversation—But as some short account, of the rise and progress of the whole work, may at a future time be given to the Subscribers, it is not now necessary to say who first promulgated the plan—who has promoted it—or who has endeavoured to impede its success.—Suffice it to say at present, that the artists, in general, have with an ardour that does them credit, contributed their best endeavours, to carry into execution an undertaking, where the national honour, the advancement of the Arts, and their own advantage are equally concerned.

Though I believe it will be readily admitted, that no subjects seem so proper to form an English School of Historical Painting, as the Scenes of the immortal Shakespeare;

speare; yet it must be always remembered, that he possessed powers which no pencil can reach; for such was the force of his creative imagination, that though he frequently goes beyond nature, he still continues to be natural, and seems only to do that which nature would have done, had she o'erstepp'd her usual limits.—It must not then be expected, that the art of the Painter can ever equal the sublimity of our Poet. The strength of Michael Angelo, united to the grace of Raphael, would here have laboured in vain.—For what pencil can give to his airy beings “a local habitation and a name.”

It is therefore hoped, that the spectator will view these Pictures with this regard, and not allow his imagination, warmed by the magic powers of the Poet, to expect from Painting, what Painting cannot perform.

It is not, however, meant to deprecate Criticism—Candid Criticism is the soul of improvement

improvement—and those artists, who shut their ears against it, must never expect to improve—At the same time, every artist ought to despise and condemn the cavils of Pseudo-critics, who, rather than not attempt to shew their wit, would crush all merit in its bud—The discerning part of the public, however, place all these attempts to the true account—Malignity—But, as the world was never entirely free from such critics, the present undertaking must expect to have its share.

Of the merits of the Artists employed in this Work, I can with truth say, that I have sought for talents wherever they were to be found, and withstood all recommendations but those that merit brought. By this means I have offended some; but a moment's reflection will, I think, show the propriety of this line of conduct. Upon the merits of the Pictures themselves, it is not for me to speak; I believe there never was a perfect Picture, in all the three great requisites of Composition, Colouring, and Design—It must not therefore, be expected, that such a phenomenon will

will be found here.—This much, however, I will venture to say, that in every Picture in the Gallery there is something to be praised, and I hope sufficient marks of merit, to justify the lovers of their country, in holding out the fostering hand of Encouragement to native Genius.—I therefore flatter myself, that the established Masters will support and increase their former reputation, and that the younger Artists will daily improve, under the benign influence of the Public patronage—They all know, that their future fame depends on their present exertions: for here the Painter's labours will be perpetually under the public eye, and compared with those of his cotemporaries—while his other works, either locked up in the cabinets of the curious, or dispersed over the country, in the houses of the different possessors, can comparatively contribute but little to his present fortune or future fame.

I must again express my hopes that the Subscribers will be satisfied with the progress

progress made in this arduous undertaking, for it is to be considered, that works of genius cannot be hurried on, like the operations of a manufactory, and that Engraving, in particular, is a work of very slow and laborious progress—I confess, I am anxious on this subject, for I could wish the Subscribers to be convinced (of what indeed is the fact) that not a moment of time has been lost.

If it would in the least add to the confidence of the present Subscribers, or of those who intend to become so, I could with truth inform them, that notwithstanding the liberal Subscription already received, there has been advanced in carrying on this work, nearly a thousand pounds, for every hundred that has been subscribed—It happens indeed, unavoidably in this undertaking, that the Artists employed on the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and subsequent numbers, are as far advanced as those employed on the first. And it is difficult to retard the one, or accelerate the other—This much, however, the Subscribers may rely on—That every exertion

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will

will be made, consistent with that excellence that is aimed at, to publish the first number with all possible speed, and that after that, the work will go on uninterruptedly.

I cannot conclude this address, without mentioning the very great assistance the work receives, from the unwearied exertions of my nephew and partner, Mr. Josiah Boydell, whose knowledge in the elementary parts of Painting, enables him to be of singular service in conducting this undertaking—Indeed his Love and Enthusiasm for the fine Arts, peculiarly qualify him for the conduct of works of this nature, and without that Love and Enthusiasm for the Arts, such an undertaking can never be carried on with becoming spirit—His numerous avocations in the management of the various branches of our business, particularly in making drawings from the pictures, for the most capital engravings in our Collection—have not allowed him much time to pursue the practical part of Painting—nevertheless, willing to contribute his mite to this great work—(in the
3 management

management of which he has so considerable a share) he has made an attempt in this line of the Art. Under these circumstances, I hope the public will have the candour to receive his Performance.

The Typographical part of the Work (of which a specimen may now be seen) is under the direction of Mr. Nicol, his Majesty's Bookseller, whose zeal for the improvement of Printing in this country is well known—The Types, &c. are made in his own house—and I flatter myself, that, with the assistance he has, in the various branches, upon which the Beauty of Printing depends, he will be able to contribute something towards restoring the reputation of this country, in that most useful art—At present, indeed, to our disgrace be it spoken, we are far behind every neighbouring nation, many of whom have lately brought the Art of Printing to great perfection.—In his present endeavour, he has had the assistance and advice of some gentlemen, who, were I at liberty to mention their names, would do him honour, and the undertaking credit.

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The Public are so well acquainted with the merits of Mr. Steevens, in elucidating the text of our author, that it would be impertinent in me to say a syllable on this part of the subject—I cannot, however, omit mentioning the readiness he has always shown, to contribute his labours to this national Edition of the Works of Shakspeare.



Shakspeare Gallery. }
May 1, 1789.

JOHN BOYDELL.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY

P I C T U R E S

IN THE SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

No. I.

T E M P E S T.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Prospero's Cell.

*Prospero, Ferdinand, Miranda, Ariel. A Masque,
exhibiting Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, &c.*

Painted by Mr. WRIGHT, of Derby.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmoniously charming: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno, and Ceres, whisper seriously;

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There's

There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the Spirits.] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,

As



As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

No. II.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before Page's house.**Mistress Page with a letter.*

Painted by Rev. Mr. PETERS, R. A.

Mrs. Page. What, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see;

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me. By me,

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant!

What an unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition

tion would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs?—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. *Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?*

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty.—

No. III.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, Sir Hugh Evans, Falstaff, as the old woman of Brentford. Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Page.

Painted by Mr. DURNO.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain!—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinton'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—
Come forth, firrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes,

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? Let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come, you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands,

errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this: beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch; you hag, you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband,—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in women's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—*Out of my doors, you witch!*
[Beats him.] *you hag, you baggage, you poulcot, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.* [Exit Fal.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [Exeunt.]

No. IV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Duke in a Friar's habit, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and Citizens. Isabella, Peter, Mariana, and Provost, &c.

Painted by Mr. KIRK.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir; Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak :

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress: Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,

But we will know this purpose:—What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject I am not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses,

Escal. *Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.*

[The Provost lays hands on the Duke.]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; fob, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—

Sneak not away, sir; [to Lucio] for the friar and you Must have a word anon:—lay bold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

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Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you
down.— [To Escalus.

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave:
[To Angelo.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted with this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her in-
stantly:—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

No. V.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A street before the Priory.**Merchant, Angelo, Lady Abbess, Duke, Ægeon, Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse, Antipholis and Dromio of Ephesus, Headsmen, &c.*

Painted by Mr. RIGAUD, R. A.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
 Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
 In seven short years, that here my only son
 Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
 Though now this grained face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
 All these old witnesses, (I cannot err)
 Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
 Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in the
 city,
 Can witness with me that it is not so;
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke.

Duke. I tell thee Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[All gather to see him.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio, command him away.

E. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him
here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Duke. Why, here begins this morning story right:
These two Antipholis's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,

And

And me they left with those of Epidamnus:

What then became of them, I cannot tell;

I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

E. Ant. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I gentle mistress.

Adr. And are you not my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother:—What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

S. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,

And Dromio my man, did bring them me:

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father has his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

No. VI.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

*An Orchard.**Hero, Ursula, and Beatrice.*

Painted by Rev. Mr. PETERS, R. A.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There thou shalt find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide
her

To listen our propose: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[*Exit,*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:

D

My

My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin.

Enter Beatrice behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urf. The pleasant't angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. *Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-
thing*
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the bower.

*No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As baggards of the rock.*

Urf. *But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice, so entirely?*

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urf. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit

Values

Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urf. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agat very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urf. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,

As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urf. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name: I

Urf. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urf. She's lim'd I warrant you; we have caught
her, madam.

No. VII.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

*Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio,
Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.*

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how I am beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry, you must hear; Upon mine honour,

Myself,

Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who, hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero had'st thou been
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*

Beat. *Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you
down?* [Hero swoons.

John. *Come, let us go: these things, come thus to
light,
Smother her spirits up.*

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why Hero!—uncle! signior Benedick!—
friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

No. VIII.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A Prison.

*Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk,
and Sexton.*

Painted by Mr. SMIRK.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, firrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, fir; and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, fir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false
knaves,

knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Conr. Marry, fir, we say, we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, firrah; a word in your ear, fir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none.

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the esteest way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, fir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, suddenly dy'd.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination. *[Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in hand.

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an afs!—but, masters, remember, that I am an afs!—though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness: I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an housholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and, every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an afs!— *[Exeunt.*

No. IX.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse
so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to day we shall have our dispatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

*Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?*

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty; I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again say,
no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my gla'ss, take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

No. X.

No. X.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Wood.**Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

Queen. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Pease-blossom?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's
monfieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-bip'd bumble
bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring
me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much
in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a
care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to
have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior.—
Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur;

*for, methinks, I am marvellous bairy about the face:
and I am such a tender afs, if my hair do but tickle me,
I must scratch.*

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Queen. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, Gently entwist,—the female ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

No. XI.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Wood.

*Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and train, Demetrius,
Lysander, Hermia, and Helena.*

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd :
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so fanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls:
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable

Was

Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theffaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs
are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lyfander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, *Egeus*; is not this the day
That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
horns.

*Horns, and shout within; Demetrius, Lyfander,
Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to Theseus.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)—
I came with *Hermia* hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

No. XII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE II.

*Before the Duke's Palace.**Rosalind, Celia, Orlando, Duke, and Attendants, &c.
Charles carried off.*

Painted by Mr. DOWNMAN.

Ref. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ref. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that never was gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world

no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out her's.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desire be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg! [*They wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

Duke. No more, no more: [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst

Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit Duke, with his train.

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck

*Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?*

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block.

No. XIII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Forest of Arden.**Duke Senior, Lords, &c.*

Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

I Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat,
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: *Wherefore do you look*
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits.
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

No. XIV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Forest.

*Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia,
Rosalind, Audrey, Clown, Silvius, Phebe, and
Hymen.*

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. Then there is mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To the Duke,
[To Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in fight, you are my Rosalind.

Pbe. If fight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros.

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To the Duke.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—[*To Orlando.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To Phebe.*

Hym. Peace ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part;

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To Oliver and Celia.*

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

[*To Phebe.*

You and you are sure together;

As the winter to foul weather.

[*To the Clown and Audrey.*

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

No. XV.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT III. SCENE II.

*Baptista's house.**Petrucchio, Katharine, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista,
Grumio, &c.*

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.*Pet.* It may not be.*Gre.* Let me intreat you.*Pet.* It cannot be.*Kath.* Let me intreat you.*Pet.* I am content.*Kath.* Are you content to stay?*Pet.*

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.——Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—

Fear

*Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.*

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

No. XVI.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

*A Palace.**Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, Attendants, and the infant
Perdita.*

Painted by Mr. OPTE. R. A.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;

G

Which

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither:

[*To Antigonus.*

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. *It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.*

Ant. *I will, my lord.*

Leo. Mark, and perform it; (*seest thou?*) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,

To

To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit, with the child.*]

Leo. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

A distant place near the sea.
Old Shepherd, Clowen, and the infant Perdita.

Painted by Mr. Hodges, R. A.

Enter Clowen.

Clw. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by
land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now
the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot
thrill a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?
Clw. I would, you did but see how it changes, how it
rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the
point: O the most pitious cry of the poor souls!
Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the
ship being the reason with her main-mast; and anon
scattered with yeg and froth, as you'd thrust a cork
into a hoghead. And then for the land service—
To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how
he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Anti-
gonus, a nobleman:—But to make an eye of the
ship:—to see how the sea ship-dragon'd it:—but,
why, here the poor souls rook'd, and the sea mock'd
them;—and how the poor gentleman rook'd, and the
bear

No. XVII.

WINTER'S TALE

ACT III. SCENE III.

*A desert place near the Sea.**Old Shepherd, Clown, and the infant Perdita.*

Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

*Enter Clown.**Clo.* Hillos, loa!*Skep.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.*Skep.* Why, boy, how is it?*Clo.* I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonous, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear

bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling:—Open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

No. XVIII.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

*Before a Shepherd's Cottage.**Florizel, Perdita, Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas,
Servants, Polixenes, and Camillo disguised.*

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

Flo. See, your guests approach :
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Eye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cooks,
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle,
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire
With labour ; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome ; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : Come on,
And bid us welcome to our sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome !

[To Pol. and Cam.]

*It is my father's will, I should take on me**The hostessship of the day :—You're welcome, sir !**Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,**For*

*For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !*

Pol. Shepherdes,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

No. XIX.

M A C B E T H.

A C T I. S C E N E. III.

*A Heath.**Macbeth, Banquo, and three Witches.*

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
 That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand
 me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips; You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
 of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
 of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king
 hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to
 fear

Things that do sound so fair? I'the name of truth,
 Are you fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch*. Hail!

2 *Witch*. Hail!

3 *Witch*. Hail!

1 *Witch*. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch*. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch*. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo.

1 *Witch*. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

No. XX.

K I N G J O H N.

A C T. IV. S C E N E I.

*A Room in Northampton Castle.**Arthur, Hubert, and Executioners.*

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruple! Fear not you: look to't.— [Exeunt executioners.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.— You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should

I should be merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me:
 He is afraid of me, and I of him:
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No, indeed, it's not; and I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur.— [*Showing a paper.*]
 How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning spiteous torture out of door?
 I must be brief; lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
 but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
 And I did never ask it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench this fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence:
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hu-
 bert's. [*Hubert stamps, and the men enter.*]

Hub. Come forth, do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are
 out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For Heaven's sake, Hubert! let me not be bound!

Nay, bear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Art.

Artb. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart ;—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Artb. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Artb. O heaven !—that there were but a moth in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your
tongue.

Artb. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;
Though to no use, but still to look on you !
Lo ! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Artb. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes : See else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Artb. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office : only you do lack

That

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

No. XXI.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE II.

*Justice Shallow's seat in Gloucestershire.**Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Boy, Mouldy,
Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf.**Painted by Mr. DURNO.*

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Mould. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind;—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince: and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Sbal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Sbal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Sbal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, you have stay'd at home, till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow 'till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Sbal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble; the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot.—

Well

Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: bold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, when I lay at Clement's inn, (I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rab, tab, tab*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—On Bardolph; lead the men away.—[*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*].—As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were

invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutcht huswives, that he heard the carmen whistle; and swore they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crouding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exeunt.*]

No. XXII.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

*London. The Temple Garden.**Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.*

Painted by Mr. J. BOYDELL.

Plant. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.*Plant.* Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
Or else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?*Suff.* Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.*Som.* Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then
between us.*War.* Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch,Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:

But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plant. Since you are tongue-ty'd; and so loth to
speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery,

I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;

And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen, and pluck no
more,

'Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side

The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plant. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;

Left, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
[To Somerset.]

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plant. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall die your white rose to a bloody red.

No. XXIII.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT III. SCENE III.

*Cardinal Beaufort's bed-chamber.**King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, &c.*

Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
President of the Royal Academy.

K. Henry. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort,
to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, wher they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then shew me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch !
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair !

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure
be !—

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign :—O God, forgive him !

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close ;

And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]

No. XXIV.

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

*The Palace in London.**King Edward, the Queen, with the young Prince,
Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and Attendants.*

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal
throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberland; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy;—

[Taking the Child.]

*Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,*

*That thou might'st repofsefs the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou fhalt reap the gain.*

*Glo. I'll blaft his harveft, if your head were lay'd;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.*

*This fhoulder was ordain'd fo thick, to heave;
And heave it fhall fome weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou fhalt execute. [Aside.*

*K. Edw. Clarence and Glofter, love my lovely
queen;
And kifs your princely nephew, brothers both.*

*Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I feal upon the lips of this sweet babe.*

*Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
thanks.*

*Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
fprang'ft,*

Witness the loving kifs I give the fruit:—

*To fay the truth, fo Judas kifs'd his mafter;
And cry'd—all hail! when as he meant—all } *Aside.*
harm.*

*K. Edw. Now am I feated as my foul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.*

*Clar. What will your grace have done with
Margaret?*

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils, and Jerufalem,

And hither have they fent it for her ranfom.

*K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
France.*

And now what refts, but that we fpend the time

With ftately triumphs, mirthful comic fhows,

Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—

Sound drums and trumpets!—farewel, fcur annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lafting joy.

[Exeunt omnes.

No. XXV. and XXVI.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT III. SCENE I.

London.

*Prince of Wales, Duke of York his brother, Dukes of
Gloster and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Lord
Hastings, Lord-Mayer, and his train.*

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke
of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving
brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so I must call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
*Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.*

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O! that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little
lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call
me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with
me:

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulder.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother: to entreat of her;
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my
lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An If they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

No. XXVI.

THE same scene painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE,
of a smaller size, before this work was begun, and
not intended to appear in it.

No. XXVII.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless burchery,
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay:
Which once quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind:
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
 They could not speak; and so I left them both,
 To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

N. B. This picture was painted before the present work was underaken; but has been deemed by the best judges highly deserving of a place in it.

No. XXVIII.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Titus's house.**Titus Andronicus, Marcus Andronicus, and young Lucius,
pursued by Lavinia.***Painted by Mr. KIRK.**

*Boy. Help, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.*

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she
mean:*

*See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.*

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit of phtenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
 Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to fear ;
 Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
 Causeless, perhaps : But pardon me, sweet aunt :
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see :—
 Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.—
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact ;—Ay, more there was :—
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is it that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis ;
 My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! soft ! how busily she turns the leaves !
 Help her : What would she find ? Lavinia shall I
 read ?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
 And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother see ; note, how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wer't thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
 Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

Forc'd

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a
den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

No. XXIX.

K I N G L E A R.

A C T. I. S C E N E I.

Lear's Palace.

*Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia,
King of France, Kent, Attendants, &c.*

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least ; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd ; what can you say, to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech
a little,

Left it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit,

L

Obey

Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But, goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. *Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,*

*Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.*

Kent. *Good my liege,—*

Lear. *Peace, Kent!*

*Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
[To Cordelia.*

*So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France:—Who
stirs?*

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do

I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we shall retain
The name, and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which, to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad.

No. XXX.

K I N G L E A R.

A C T. III. S C E N E IV.

*Part of a heath, with a bevel.**Lear, Kent, Fool; Edgar disguised as a madman, and
Gloster, with a torch.*

Painted by Mr. WEST, R. A.

Historical Painter to his Majesty.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,
enter:The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.*[Storm still.]**Lear.* Let me alone.*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord,
enter.*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
 No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
 To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
 In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you
 all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own
 ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:—
 In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless
 poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
 [*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
 you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
 That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them,
 And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
 Poor Tom!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
 Help me, help me! [*The fool runs out from the bovel.*]

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor
 Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the
 straw?

Come forth.

Enter

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through
flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and
quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,
and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge;
made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting
horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own
shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's
a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from
whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor
Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—
There could I have him now,—and there,—and
there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
this pass?—
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them
all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been
all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous
air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have sub-
du'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array:—Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, Sessy; let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*

Lear. *Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, your lendings:—Come; unbutton here.—*

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. P'rythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart; a small

spark, and all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet*: he begins at curfew, and walks 'till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the oles;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-foles;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that, in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallots; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,——

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Moo'd he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edgar.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

No. XXXI.

K I N G L E A R.

A C T. V. S C E N E III.

*A Camp, near Dover.**Lear, with Cordelia dead; Edgar, Albany, and Kent.
Regan, Goneril, and Edmund, dead.*

Painted by Mr. BARRY, R. A.
Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.**Gent.* Help! help! O help!*Edg.* What kind of help?*Alb.* Speak, man.*Edg.* What means this bloody knife?*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smoaks,

It came even from the heart of—— O! she's dead!

Alb. Who, man? speak.*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.*Edm.* I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.*Enter Kent.**Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—*[Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.]*This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.——*Edg.* Here comes Kent, sir.*Alb.* O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.*Kent.* I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?*Alb.*

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run——

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Edg. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Edm. He hath commission from my wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*]

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men
of stones;

*Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone for
ever!—*

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

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 She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
 Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [Kneeling.

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent:
Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

No. XXXII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE V.

*A Hall in Capulet's house.**Capulet, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.*

Painted by Mr. MILLER.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have
their feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Musick plays, and they dance.]

More light ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days.

How long is't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.*

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To flee and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore scorn
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,

To

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth :
 I would not, for the wealth of all this town,
 Here in my house, do him disparagement:
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
 It is my will ; the which if thou respect,
 Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill befitting semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest ;
 I'll not endure him.

i Cap. He shall be endur'd ;
 What, goodman boy !—I say, he shall :—Go to ;—
 Am I the master here, or you ? go to.
 You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my soul—
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
 You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

i Cap. Go to, go to,
 You are a saucy boy :—Is't so indeed ?——
 This trick may chance to scathe you ;—I know what.
 You must contrary me ! marry, 'tis time——
 Well said, my hearts :—You are a princ Cox ; go :—
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame !—
 I'll make you quiet ; What !—Cheerly my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

[To Juliet.

*This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this——
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.*

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
 much,

Which mannerly devotion shews in this ;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wife and virtuous:

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,

Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

O *Ben.* Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*

No. XXXIII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

*Juliet on her bed.*Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, Friar, Nurse,
Musicians, &c.

Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

La. Cap. What noise is here?*Nurse.* O lamentable day!*La. Cap.* What's the matter?*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!*La. Cap.* O me! O me!—my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

*Enter Capulet.**Cap.* For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd; she's dead, alack the
day!*La. Cap.* Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead;
she's dead.*Cap.* Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

N

La.

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

*Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
But she's best marry'd, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.*

*Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.*

*Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.*

No. XXXIV.

H A M L E T,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

*The Platform before the Palace at Elfsneur.**Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus, and the Ghost.*

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.*Ham.* What hour now?*Hor.* I think, it lacks of twelve.*Mar.* No, it is struck.*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near
the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of musick within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse,Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.*Hor.* Is it a custom?*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom

More

More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
 This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
 Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin)
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or, by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo)
 Shall, in the general censure, take corruption
 From that particular fault: The dram of base
 Doth all the noble substance of worth out,
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,—

That

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my
 lord?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
 And draw you into madness? think of it:
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain,
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
 And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:—
 Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

Still

Still am I call'd:—unband me gentlemen;

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—

I say, away:—Go on,——I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost, and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

Still can I call'd:—unband me gentlemen;
[Breaking from them.]
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away:—Go on,—I'll follow thee.
[Exeunt Ghost, and Hamlet.]

Her. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mor. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

MODEL, by MR. BANKS, R. A.

Of the intended **ALTO-RELIEVO**, to be placed in
the front of the **GALLERY**, towards **PALLMALL**.

THE Figures are to be placed at a considerable height, and will therefore be somewhat larger than Life—They will represent SHAKSPEARE seated on a Rock, between Poetry and Painting. Poetry is on his right Hand, addressing SHAKSPEARE, and presenting him with a Wreath of Bayes, while she celebrates his Praise on her Lyre. Her Head is ornamented with a double Mask, to show she has bestowed the double power of Tragedy and Comedy upon her favourite Son. SHAKSPEARE is represented as listening to her with Pleasure and Attention. On his left is Painting, who is addressing the Spectator, with one Hand extended towards SHAKSPEARE's Breast, pointing him out as the proper Object of her Pencil, while he leans his left Hand on her Shoulder, as if accepting her Assistance.

